

Blackjack

Death Grips

How I ride, why I ride, never really had ta try
I, I, I... eeuuhh
Nevermind that, black jack
Needle to da mainline junk prepared in a head that
Never came up for air
Fallin apart can't get a grip
Don't give a fuck if I did

Way shit goes
It'll be just find
Oh, oh, oh
How to rob men blind

(Cant do a thing but fold)
Yeah watch that
Can't do a thing... black jack

Comin from that hit me until
Twenty one makes
Your chips mine
Black jack don't trip
You got the bill
Twenty one shots to your grill

Bow down or die everytime
I slap them thangs
Flat black chains rattlin
Shawshank the box
Can't be contained
Man came ta pick the lock
Empty the vault
And leave no trace
Sleep don't wake

Hit em low and keep rollin to da beat no breaks
Slow it down then accelerate
To hell it's cake
Like sellin weight
No middle man
Made bitch mistakes
Blackjack

High king, ace, to knees the place put down by g's raisin the stakes

You know what's up
Straight
How the fuck is that?
Blackjack

But don't forget to watch this
Tounge push bankroll off my lips
Who the hell are you legit
What the fuck you think man shit
Blackjack
(Always keep my)

No need ta count the deck

I own it
Drop that
Lead chin check
To your dome it's on black
Respect me zone or get caught back handed leather strap hit ya so hard
Knocked flat broke by a bloke wit dat golden contact glove hold da smoke
Of most high fire bon tap tap
(Cant do a thing but fold)
Yeah watch that

Can't do a thing... blackjack

Don't forget to watch this
Tongue push bankroll
Off my lips
Who the hell are you legit
What the fuck you think man shit

You know what's up
Straight
How the fuck is that... blackjack
Blackjack don't trip you got the bill, twenty one shots to your grill